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please, allowable. At least the churches here, where it has been attempted, do not answer particularly well. Notre Dame looks gaudy, and has lost much of her severe dignity by the coloring of the nave, which, by the way, has a tawdry appearance, and was no doubt done in a great hurry, for temporary purposes. The chapels and apsidies I think may be as gorgeous as you please; and, by all means, let the windows be of the finest stained glass; but, I speak with hesitation, and subject to correction,—is not the severe simplicity of the native stone, with the foliage capitals, where 'light and shade repose,' more noble than any superficial coloring can make it? To-day I made an excursion to some churches, which are not in the usual list of Paris sights. St. Severin pleased me mightily; there are some very interesting examples of good Gothic, without much interference of modern improvements and restoration. The exterior has also some good parts visible, and probably some other interesting features, which are entirely shut out by surrounding houses. I take it for granted that you have seen all these places, and that you may also have visited St. Etienne du Mont, and have been as much perplexed and amazed as I was at their odd and eccentric mass of building. But it contains the tomb of Pascal, and with such a precious relic must still be a sacred shrine, to which pilgrims who honor the memories of the great, will always love to resort. I shall not trouble you with many more names, although the 'steed of the pen loves to expatiate in the plains of proximity,' when such a subject comes up. Notre Dame, with all its decorations and restorations, is still the great sight of Paris, and I can never sufficiently admire the magnificent west front. I do confess too, that our English cathedrals are for the most part inferior in the item of door-ways. The entry of Notre Dame is suitable to a magnificent temple; but with us the portals bear no proportion to the dignity of the building, that is, for the most part, for there may be a few exceptions—Peterborough, to wit. It is quite proper in Spenser to make the visitors to his House of Holiness stoop and enter in through the gate of humility; but the case is different with those vast temples, where everything ought to be in harmony with the greatness of the design.

"Now I have positively done with churches: you shall hear nothing about St. Denis (who had a fancy for carrying his head in his hands) nor St. Germain des Prés, nor Saint anybody else, about all which you know a great deal more than I do; but yet I hope you will not be altogether displeased to hear of objects which may recall some recollections from the secret caverns of the brain.

"There is one sight in Paris which I always see with increased delight, and that is the sky on fine, clear nights. This is a sight you will think not peculiar to Paris; but I have noticed here, that the sky at night seems to come down, and settle like a magnificent dome, over the large open spaces, and more especially over the squares, where the over-shadowing vault seems to rest on the summits of the houses. I have never seen this effect in London, probably from the mistiness of the atmosphere, or the inferior height of the buildings; but here it is my nightly contemplation. The same effect is noticed by Wordsworth, in the description of a deep valley amongst the mountains, circled in with mighty rocks, which—

'At night's approach bring down the azure sky
To rest upon the circumambient walls.'

"And now farewell for a brief season to Paris (of which you must be getting tired, as in truth I am likewise), and let us turn for a moment to England. What has been going on there for the last fortnight I do not exactly know; but before I left things were jogging on much in the usual course. P—— is still as wild as usual, and thinks of cusps and foils, and buttresses, and mullions, and other improper and frivolous subjects, in the midst of the serious and important avocations of credits and the money-market. But no traveller comes now to encourage his idle fancies. I do not find myself any the better in respect of this same architectural mania. In fact, I had formed a wild scheme of visiting Glastonbury, Wells, and Exeter, during my

brief annual respite from the chains of business, but the necessity of visiting this city, obliges me to defer the execution of the project to a future opportunity.

"Ruskin, I suppose, will finish his 'Modern Painters' this year, and send out something in the shape of hints or advice to young artists, and then he will be out of employ. I wish he would write a monograph (or monographs rather) of two or three of the most notable English cathedrals, with good and characteristic illustrations, using photography where it answers best. Such an undertaking would afford good scope for his genius; and, I think, be of great service to the cause of the Gothic. Why don't you recommend him to do so?

"What chance is there of Gothic architecture being introduced into the United States? Will you renounce the temples of the heathen, and learn to build Christian churches? The study of Antiquity appears to be spreading amongst you, which is a good sign. America wants something to counterbalance the craving for dollars, and studies of this nature are well calculated to have this effect. I hope their influence will also extend more widely here, for we, too, I greatly fear, are not innocent in the matter of dollars.

"But I will not vex you with any more dissertations, and will only add that I remain always very sincerely, yours,
G. H. W."

THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1857.

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J. DURAND,

Editor and Proprietor.

Wholesale Agents, for the lower part of the city, Messrs. DEXTER & BROTHER, No. 14 Ann Street, of whom the Numbers of THE CRAYON can at all times be procured.—See page three of the Cover.

Sketchings.

[ARTICLES of interest have excluded from our columns an Address to our readers, which we had prepared for this number. Our silence, however, may plead more eloquently for the interest of THE CRAYON than our address; and we must, therefore, rely upon the matter as well as the form of this new issue of our Journal, to call forth in its behalf the most energetic efforts of its friends. THE CRAYON, relatively to Art, artists, and the community generally, occupies a useful sphere, and one from which other papers are excluded by being devoted to other interests. Artists, from their agency in our national culture, and owing to the retired modesty of their calling, need an organ quite as much as, if not more than, any other body of men; it is our intention that THE CRAYON shall be this organ, and that it shall be a fitting link between them and the rest of the community, who are ready to take a deeper interest in Art and artists in proportion as their knowledge of both shall become more extensive and enlightened.]

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

In the city of Boston there is to be seen and enjoyed much that contributes to sustain the faith of lovers of Art. Among the various facts which may be cited in proof of this assertion, we have to put forth the New England School of Design for Women as one of the most prominent. This school was founded in the fall of 1851, by a number of Boston merchants and ladies, interested in the subject of opening a wider field of useful occupation for women. The object of the school is to furnish instruction to pupils who desire to become teachers of drawing, but more particularly to develop a faculty for designing, so as to enable its graduates to become designers for manufacturers. The school was opened on the 7th October, 1851, under the care of Mr. Wm. J. Whittaker, with seven pupils. Great results

were anticipated, and in a short space of time the number of pupils exceeded seventy. In seven months after its commencement, the school passed into the hands of Mr. A. S. Bellows, architect, of Boston, under whose guidance it remained until January, 1855, when it came into the hands of the present instructor, Mr. S. S. Tuckerman, with about thirty pupils. Up to this time almost every department of Art had been attempted, according to the stereotype mode of instruction, and the result was—nothing. Mr. Tuckerman introduced a system of instruction, a knowledge of which he acquired as a scholar and graduate of the School of Design, in Birmingham, England, which system, we believe, was perfected by Mr. Dyce, a royal academician, and an admirable draughtsman. The pupils commence with straight lines, proceeding through successive stages of practice, including geometrical drawing, copying from flat examples, drawing from casts, study of color, and painting from natural objects, until the pupil is able to express her thought fully and completely in the shape of an original design. The time requisite to reach this point is about two years. Mr. Tuckerman, on assuming his charge, announced this course of study, when all but two of the pupils, then attending, left the school. Not discouraged, however, and sustained by the enlightened supporters of the school, Mr. T. persevered faithfully, and since that time the number of pupils has again increased to about thirty.

We can only say that we have seen a number of very fine drawings from casts, also numerous original designs, made by some of the pupils that have graduated under Mr. Tuckerman, and they are remarkable productions: they are beautiful evidences of the faithfulness of the instructor, the excellence of the system, and the taste and ability of the designers.

Such is a brief statement of the progress and performance of the school up to the present time. The importance of this institution cannot be over-estimated. Whether considered in relation to occupation for females, or as of immense national utility, the view of it is equally important. In a community like ours, however, so deeply sunk in the mire of imitation, it is, perhaps, impossible to convey an idea of the value of originality, particularly through the medium of Art. We will not, therefore, at present devote time or space to argument or illustration in behalf of it, but simply state that we believe the New England School of Design to be the most useful and practical road to *serviceable* originality which the country affords. France owes its great manufacturing predominance over other nations to art, to *design*—to *originality*—to the fact of producing annually some pattern or thing never before seen or heard of, and France is indebted to as small beginnings as the Boston school. What France owes to Art, applied to manufactures, the United States may yet owe to it also through this excellent and admirably conducted New England School of Design for Women.

In answer to the query in the last number of THE CRAYON, concerning a collection of water-color drawings, belonging to the late Thomas Dowse, of Cambridge, Mass., we give the following information. The collection consists of fifty-two water-color copies of celebrated pictures by the Old Masters, made about thirty years ago in England, from the originals in various collections in that country, for a publication, only one volume of which was ever published. The enterprise failing, the whole number, consisting of one hundred and four drawings, divided into two lots, were disposed of by lottery, and one of the lots, consisting of the collection under notice, fell to

the possession of Mr. Dowse. The collection embraces the following:—

| | | |
|---|-------------------------|------------------------|
| The Nativity..... | by Ghirlandajo, | copied by Hodgson. |
| St. Amand..... | " Rubens | " Uwins. |
| Diana and Acteon..... | " Titian, | " Violet and Tomkins. |
| Danae..... | " do., | " Tomkins and Hodgson. |
| Mid Day..... | " Claude, | " Craig. |
| David with Goliath's Head.. | " Guercino, | " Tomes. |
| The Happy Shepherds..... | " Berghem, | " Craig. |
| Christ appearing to St. Peter..... | " Annibale Caracci, | " Hodgson. |
| Landscape and Figures.... | " Claude, | " Craig. |
| The Death of Regulus..... | " Salvator Rosa, | " do. |
| Christ in the Sepulchre.... | " Guercino, | " Violet. |
| Madonna (3)..... | " Raphael,] | " Tomkins. |
| — (2)..... | " Annibale Caracci, | " Craig. |
| Landscape..... | " Claude, | " do. |
| Incredulity of St. Thomas.. | " Van Der Werf, | " Eusebi. |
| Windmill..... | " Rembrandt, | " Craig. |
| Portrait of Himself..... | " Gerard Dow, | " Craig. |
| Landing of Prince Maurice | " Cuypp, | " W. Westall. |
| Marriage of St. Catherine.. | " Parmigiano, | " Hodgson. |
| Gaston de Foix..... | " Giorgione, | " do. |
| — | " Raphael, | " — |
| Landscape..... | " Paul Potter, | " Craig. |
| Holy Family..... | " Paris Bordone, | " Tomkins and Ansell. |
| Infant Christ..... | " Guido,] | " Violet. |
| Woman taken in Adultery. | " Rubens, | " Uwins. |
| Madonna (2)..... | " A. del Sarto, | " Tomkins. |
| Allegory of Human Life.... | " Titian, | " Tomkins and Ansell.] |
| Interior..... | " Ostade, | " Strutt. |
| The Vision of St. Austin... | " Garofola,] | " Hodgson. |
| Lot and his Daughters..... | " Guido, | " Tomkins and Hodgson. |
| Girl..... | " Schidone | " Tomkins. |
| Madonna and Child..... | " Correggio, | " do. |
| The Smokers..... | " Teniers, Jr., | " Strutt. |
| Rachel..... | " P. da Cortona, | " Violet. |
| — | " Wouvermans, | " — |
| Portrait of Berghem..... | " Rembrandt, | " Evans. |
| Rachel secreting the Household Gods of Laban..... | " Murillo, | " Craig. |
| Mary and Elizabeth..... | " Sebastian del Plombo, | " Tomkins. |
| Landscape with Rainbow.. | " Rubens, | " Craig. |
| Heads of Apostles..... | " Giotto, | " Satchwell. |
| Female Head..... | " Giotto, | " do. |
| Jesus Led Away..... | " Guercino, | " — |
| Samuel and his Mother.... | " Rembrandt, | " Violet. |
| Madonna..... | " Cimabue, | " Satchwell. |
| Landscape..... | " Gaspar Poussin, | " Craig. |
| — | " Dominichino, | " Hodgson. |

And two without titles.

The coloring of these copies is somewhat faded out, but they are very carefully drawn, and valuable on that account. The size of the drawings varies from four to sixteen inches, according to the subject. As we have so few specimens of the old masters in this country, this collection is of great value. By the conditions of Mr. Dowse's will, his executors are authorized to dispose of it according to their own judgment. It will, probably, find a resting place in a suitable institution, and will certainly prove an interesting Art-treasure wherever it may be located.

MR. BALL, the sculptor, who has lately returned from Europe, has located his studio in Boston. Our readers will recollect the fine statuette of Webster by him, a large repetition of which now stands in the Boston Exchange. It is some two years since Mr. Ball went abroad for study in his art, which he pursued at Florence, and he has just returned with the fruits of his application, now on exhibition at his studio, in Summer street. What struck us most on entering was a statuette of Washington Allston, the head modelled from the admirable bust by Olevenger—the frame from memory. It represents our great painter sitting in an arm-chair, with some

of the implements of his art about him, draped in a loose study-gown, one arm easily thrown upon that of the seat, while the other hand rests upon a book on his knee, with which he seems to be partially playing, while the steady gaze of his countenance betokens some revolving thoughts. We have rarely seen a sitting posture that affords so many presentable views, for seen from any position that gives the features, we have an unmarred repose and easy dignity. The profile tells admirably.

The Sailor Boy, another of his works, is a youth poised upon a fragment of a raft, one hand tightly grasping a broken spar, and the other holding aloft his shirt as a signal to a ship. The anxious expression of the eye watching the distant sail, the sign of distress upon the brow, and the mouth slightly open in doubtful expectancy, are all finely portrayed; while the garment and hair, which stream behind, indicate a fair wind to bring the vessel down, and may be supposed to lighten the gleam of hope, which rests so transitorily (apparently) in his lower features. To illustrate how the natively susceptible, but unartistic mind sometimes is of advantage to the artist, we may cite the way in which an old sea-captain helped Mr. Ball out of a dilemma in the arrangement of the accessories. Mere pieces of masts would not give the figure the required prominence, by raising it sufficiently above the water. That visitor to his studio seemed at once to enter into the sentiment of the boy's situation, and recounted how, in the emergencies of shipwreck, the first thing demanded by the sailor for his raft are the casks that may happen to be at hand. The idea was at once seized, and a nearly submerged barrel, buoying up the extremities of the spars, to which it is firmly lashed, readily furnished the appropriate substructure.

There is a very poetic idea involved in a little plaster group, showing a beautiful female asleep on the sward, from whom another and a hag-like figure has snatched the covering. It is Falsehood stealing the mantle of Truth. A little dove flutters for protection at the breast of the sleeper, while a watching snake lurks in the herbage. It is Purity flying from Malice. A bust of Truth he has executed in marble of life-size, shows very satisfactorily the qualities of the personation.

Pandora is the subject of another figure of appropriate beauty and grace, serving to show to our degenerate and fashion-spoiled fair ones, how the first woman surpassed them, in her endowments from the gods of Olympus.

We have lately had an opportunity to look over a series of sketches by Mr. A. G. Hoit, of Boston, long a well-known and honored resident artist of that city. Mr. Hoit's works exhibit the true genuine artist spirit. For many years Mr. H. has pursued portrait painting, devoting vacations and intervals of leisure to making studies from Nature, which studies compose the series we refer to. They indicate fine feeling as well as remarkable ability in the expression of the various aspects which make Nature so poetic and seductive. As a portrait painter, Mr. Hoit ranks among the first of the country, and these sketches show that he might have developed his taste for landscape with equal power and success.

In Mr. Ames' studio, besides several portraits, we noticed an etching of his picture of "The Last Hours of Webster," now being engraved in England. This picture is well composed, and the engraving will be popular. The state of the etching indicates a fine engraving.

Mr. GAY is now one of the Boston landscapists. His studies, made during the past summer, in New Hampshire, furnish still

further proofs of the variety of White Mountain scenery, and of the infinite interest it possesses, as one regards it through the mind of various painters. And the same may be said of

MR. GERRY's studies. Mr. G. has also made the White Mountain vicinity the scene of his labors. In his studio we were particularly pleased with a study of trees, which, with accessories, suggested pleasant souvenirs of English scenery.

MR. ORDWAY is engaged upon both landscape and portraits, which branches of Art he is pursuing with marked success and improvement.

MR. WILLIAMS devotes leisure hours to the study of landscape. His studies from Nature, made during the past season, show, like those of his confreres, a fine appreciation of Nature.

THE "Boston Art Club" having for some time been in possession of a *name*, has at length completed its organization, by providing itself with a *local habitation*. The association have now a room which they can call their own. The existence of the Club is significant of a growing interest in Art in Boston. The character of artists naturally hinders them from making active and public demonstrations in behalf of the interests of their profession; and yet nowhere in the world is the active effort so essential as in this country, where energy so often takes the place of merit. Art being the last and best manifestation of the spirit of humanity, artists are the last class which humanity recognizes. Whether it be during an age or in the progress of a nation, the people of any generation or community seem to be the blindest to the spirit of the artist. The artists, therefore, are, in one sense, the last class to organize institutions—certainly not until other classes are publicly represented, and in vigorous activity before the artist makes the attempt. We recognize, therefore, in the establishment of the Art Club, a marked and healthy growth of Art feeling in Boston, and an institution of great importance to the interests of the profession. The Club are about to give a course of eight lectures on subjects relating to Art, to be delivered at the Melodeon, commencing on Thursday evening, January 8th, 1857. The first lecture will be given by the Rev. F. H. Hedge, D. D. The second on Saturday evening, Jan. 10th, by the Rev. Henry Giles, who will be followed on succeeding Thursday evenings, by Dr. O. W. Holmes, Rev. Dr. Osgood, Rev. Mr. Alger, D. Huntington, Esq., and Dr. S. Parkman Tuckerman.

We learn that the Pennsylvania Academy, of Philadelphia, has purchased another picture by Wittkamp, the Belgian artist, who painted the "Siege of Leyden," already in possession of the Academy. We have not learned the subject of the picture, but believe it is also taken from the history of the Low Countries. We have heard an anecdote of this painter, which has disposed us to regard him very favorably. Being asked by an American if he would paint a picture from American history, he replied, "That being unacquainted with the history and people of the United States, he could not undertake to illustrate either."

The schools at the Academy are very largely attended this winter, and the weekly anatomical lectures are listened to by most of the artists and students of Art in Philadelphia.

We are glad to hear that two of the most prominent artists of the city are engaged in the decoration of the new Opera House, which is rapidly approaching completion. Mr. Russell Smith superintends the painting of the entire scenery, much of it being executed by his own hand; his experience in distemper painting, joined with his thorough knowledge of landscape Art, must produce most satisfactory results. Mr. Schmelze is

decorating the interior, which promises to be one of the finest in the world.

Mr. Lambdin, Sen., who has recently returned from Europe, is now finishing his portrait of Baron Von Humboldt, for the Philosophical Society. It promises to be a noble portrait of this world-renowned man.

Of recent importations for private collections, we hear of a picture by Frère, the French artist, whom Ruskin praises in his last pamphlet, for his fidelity and for his fine color. The subject is the interior of a peasant's cottage, with a child at a table eating "*potage*." It is said to be a real acquisition to the Art-treasures of the city. A fine Achenbach, a large landscape by Leu, and one by Weber, all of Dusseldorf; a small picture by Wittkamp, and one by Ten-Kate, of Amsterdam, are all important acquisitions, and we suppose they will be exhibited in the Spring.

Of Philadelphian artists abroad, Rothermel is in Rome, Read in Florence, Perry in Venice, Lawrie and Hazeltine in Dusseldorf.

Mr. T. Hicks, besides the finest studio in the city, presents to visitors the further attraction of two upright landscape views of passages at Trenton Falls, being studies made on the spot. The composition of the foliage is peculiarly beautiful, and the points of view selected happily chosen. In addition to these studies, Mr. Hicks has a portrait of H. W. Longfellow, painted during the past summer. He is now engaged upon a portrait of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Mr. S. W. Rowse, lately of Boston, has taken a studio in the New York University (entrance in Washington Place). Mr. Rowse draws in crayon. He produces drawings in this department of Art, remarkable for beauty of character and fine execution. We would particularly mention a head of a girl as one of unusual power of expression. We hope that Mr. Rowse will meet such appreciation as to make him a permanent resident of city.

We understand that Thomas S. Cummings, Esq., is writing a history of the National Academy of Design, a work both opportune and valuable, the early history of the Academy being very interesting as illustrating the progress of Art in this country. Only five of the original members are now living, namely, S. F. B. Morse, A. B. Durand, John Evers, C. C. Ingham, and T. S. Cummings.

GLEANINGS AND ITEMS.

The manifestations of the spirit and disposition of "Young America" are certainly remarkable. A few days since we observed a party of very genteelly-dressed boys, about ten years of age, around the Washington Monument, filling up a few leisure moments by throwing stones at Washington's head. Perhaps we should better describe their amusement and also illustrate the early development of genius, by stating that the purpose of the boys seemed to be to see how near the head they could throw a stone without hitting it. This circumstance suggests a few remarks upon national home influence, reverence, etc., but we refrain from preaching, and content ourselves by proposing that the city government pass a law making it a penal offence to deface this or any other public monument that may be hereafter erected. If children cannot imbibe at home a spirit sufficiently patriotic to make them respect a monument erected in honor of Washington, let us descend to the level of Plato's ignorance, and hand them over to "the Republic" to be taken care of.

A FINE, healthy young man lately applied to us for information about Italy, to which country he desired to go, to study Art. We asked him what he had thus far done. "Nothing," he replied. "I want some business; and, fancying pictures, I thought I'd like to paint 'em." "Can you draw?" "No; but I want to learn." "What department of Art do you mean to devote yourself to?" "It isn't of any consequence which: I can tell better, when I see all the kinds there are in Italy." "Do you speak any other language besides English?" "No, I don't *parley-vous*, and certainly can't speak *Italiano*; but there's always plenty there that talk English, and I'll get along somehow." Somehow! a Yankee expletive, standing for the great ocean of ignorance upon which so many of our self-confident countrymen, provided only with "guessing" compasses, are willing to embark, to cruise about in the fogs of luck. God speed him and all good-hearted Micawbers of the same stamp.

LECTURERS.—We have to add two more names to our lecture list, namely D. HUNTINGTON, of this city, and JUSTIN WINSOR, of Boston. Both these gentlemen are well known to the readers of the CRAYON, and both are familiar with the principles and beauty of Art and artist-life.

DELAROCHE.—In our last number we mentioned the decease of this celebrated artist. In the ensuing number (February) we shall place before our readers an article on the life and works of Delaroche, kindly prepared for the CRAYON by Paul Arpin, Esq., of this city. Mr. Arpin's knowledge of French Art, as well as personal acquaintance with the great painter, render him peculiarly fitted to convey to our public an idea of the man, as well as of the rank Delaroche is entitled to by the side of his brother artists.

OUTLINES AND SKETCHES BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.—A few copies of this valuable work can be had on application at the editorial office of the CRAYON. The book consists of outline engravings from drawings made by Washington Allston; the drawings copied and engraved by the late Seth W. Cheney and his brother John Cheney. There is no work extant produced in America which embodies more genius, or genius more creditable to the nation, than this one, the result of the labors of Allston and Cheney.

THE NIAGARA GALLERY.—This exhibition consists of a series of paintings, representing Niagara Falls and its environs, together with a large collection of Views in Sweden and Denmark, painted by Mr. Ferdinand Richardt. The Niagara portion of the collection is one of special interest owing to the number of views of which it is composed. The artist has availed himself of every point of interest, far and near, about the Fall, from which a view of it could be obtained, including separate studies of its peculiar features, like the rapids, the islands, various sections of the river, and buildings on its banks.

The paintings are made with reference to being engraved and published in Europe, and they are remarkably adapted to this purpose. We would instance the various passages of the Rapids, the tumbling, foaming water of which is admirably delineated, also the various structures in the vicinity of the banks of the river, including that fine work, the Suspension Bridge. To one who has never visited Niagara, this series commends itself. The remaining portion of the exhibition is made up of sundry views in Sweden and Denmark, and the duchies of Schleswig-Holstein. The latter provinces having at one time been of great political interest to our community, an opportunity is now afforded for contemplating their castles and churches on canvas, to us more interesting than reading accounts of sieges and

war, and destruction of architecture, in the columns of newspapers. The Niagara Exhibition is in the Stuyvesant Institute.

STATUETTES.—It is a question frequently asked, "Where can a good statuette in plaster be found?" In answer to this question we have to state that Mr. S. G. Unnevehr, No. 297 Broadway, is prepared to fulfil orders for statuettes and other repetitions of Thorwaldsen's finest works. We need not say that a good cast of a good work is far more desirable than a bad bronze of any kind of work, a description of artful production more erroneous in this city than it should be.

PUPILS.—Mr. T. Hicks opens his studio for the reception of students who desire to be instructed practically in the art of painting. Mr. Hick's fine studio offers great facilities, such as lights, casts to draw from, and convenient apartments. The opportunity is one not to be overlooked, particularly as Mr. Hick's experience and knowledge of painting so well qualify him to be a competent instructor.

MESSRS. GOUPIL'S CATALOGUE.—We reprint on the advertisement page of the present number, that portion of their catalogue which was advertised in the December number, in order that the catalogue may commence with the first number of the new volume.

Mr. Editor :

Newport, Nov. 10, 1856.

YOUR correspondent from New York, in answer to my letter from this place, takes me to task for some error, in which I am willing to stand corrected. The beautiful little house, whose design I attributed to Father Fitten, is quite as creditable, in my estimation, for being the work of Mr. Tefft, of Providence. If Mr. T. continues to show the same taste and knowledge in his future productions, he will, indeed, be of great service to the Arts in Rhode Island. The head of such a man is sadly wanting in the recent architecture of Newport. I am not willing, by any means, to concede to your correspondent any other opinion; for I am sure that the cultivated intellect of Mr. Tefft would appreciate the truth of my strictures upon the buildings in Newport generally.

That the present friends of Mr. Stuart never heard of his comic pencil, is no evidence that he did not indulge in that kind of Art. My story of the chalk drawing on the door of his father's house is true; and it is true also that he often amused his friends by comic drawing in afterlife. I have heard his intimate friend, John R. Smith, relate many anecdotes of his caricaturing his friends and acquaintances. I once possessed a pen-and-ink drawing made by him, and given to me by Mr. Smith, of a camp-wagon, loaded with a motley crowd of men and camp utensils, drawn by a long line of skeleton horses. It was treated so as to amuse by its grotesqueness. Mr. Stuart was very fond of making fun on paper of his own quaint face; and I think "his friends here" would profit by looking up some of his old friends "here" and there, for a better knowledge of his traits of character.

OBITUARY.—It pains us to be obliged to record the death of Albert G. Hoit, of Boston. Mr. Hoit died on Friday, December 19th, of dropsy, after a confinement of several months. The late hour at which we receive this intelligence limits us to the simple announcement. We can only add that we mourn the loss of one of the best and truest of men, as well as the loss of an artist, who lived and died an honor to the profession. He sincerely loved Art, and labored faithfully in his calling.

Studies among the Leaves.

In looking over some of our gathered excerpts, and books and papers of the month, we find nothing so good to open our selection, as the introductory passage to some Essays on the Fine Arts, which Coleridge published in a Bristol paper, in 1814, chiefly in elucidation of some of Allston's pictures, then on exhibition in that city. They form now a part of the appendix of the English edition of COOTLE'S REMINISCENCES.

"It will not appear complimentary to liken editors of newspapers, in one respect, to galley-slaves; but the likeness is not the less apt on that account, and a simile is not expected to go on all fours. When storms blow high in the political atmosphere, the events of the day fill the sails, and the writer may draw in his oars, and let his brain rest; but when calm weather returns, then comes, too, the *tug of toil*, hard work and little speed. * * * * He consoles himself by the reflection that these troublesome times occasioned thousands to acquire a habit, and almost a necessity of, reading, which it now becomes his object to retain by the gradual substitution of a milder stimulant, which, though less intent, is more permanent, and, by its greater divergency, no less than duration, even more pleasurable. And how can he hail and celebrate the return of peace more worthily: and more appropriately, than by exerting his best faculties to direct the taste and affections of his readers to the noblest works of peace. The tranquillity of nations permits our patriotism to repose. We are now allowed to think and feel as men, for all that may confer honor on human nature; not ignorant, meantime, that the greatness of a nation is by no distant links connected with the celebrity of its individual citizens; that whatever raises our country in the eyes of the civilized world, will make that country dearer and more venerable to its inhabitants, and thence actually more powerful and more worthy of love and veneration. Add to (what in a great, commercial city will not be deemed trifling or inappertinent) the certain reaction of the Fine Arts on the more immediate utilities of life."

We may consider that the strife from which we have just emerged is that war of opinion consequent on our recurring national elections, and apply the remarks to ourselves, although somewhat different circumstances allow no cessation to our oars.

We saw recently, for the first time, one of Ruskin's earliest productions—a little fairy tale, which, it seems, was written for a very young lady, in 1841 (five years before the publication of the first volume of the *Modern Painters*), and a London publisher, this last year, has obtained the author's passive consent to print it. It is entitled, "*The King of the Golden River*"; or, *The Black Brothers; a legend of Stiria*," and illustrated by Richard Doyle. We copy one paragraph, as a specimen of that descriptive writing for which Ruskin is now so famous:

"It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains; their lower cliffs, in pale, grey shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced in long level rays through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning, and far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow."

A volume of poems, by W. W. STORRY, the sculptor, published